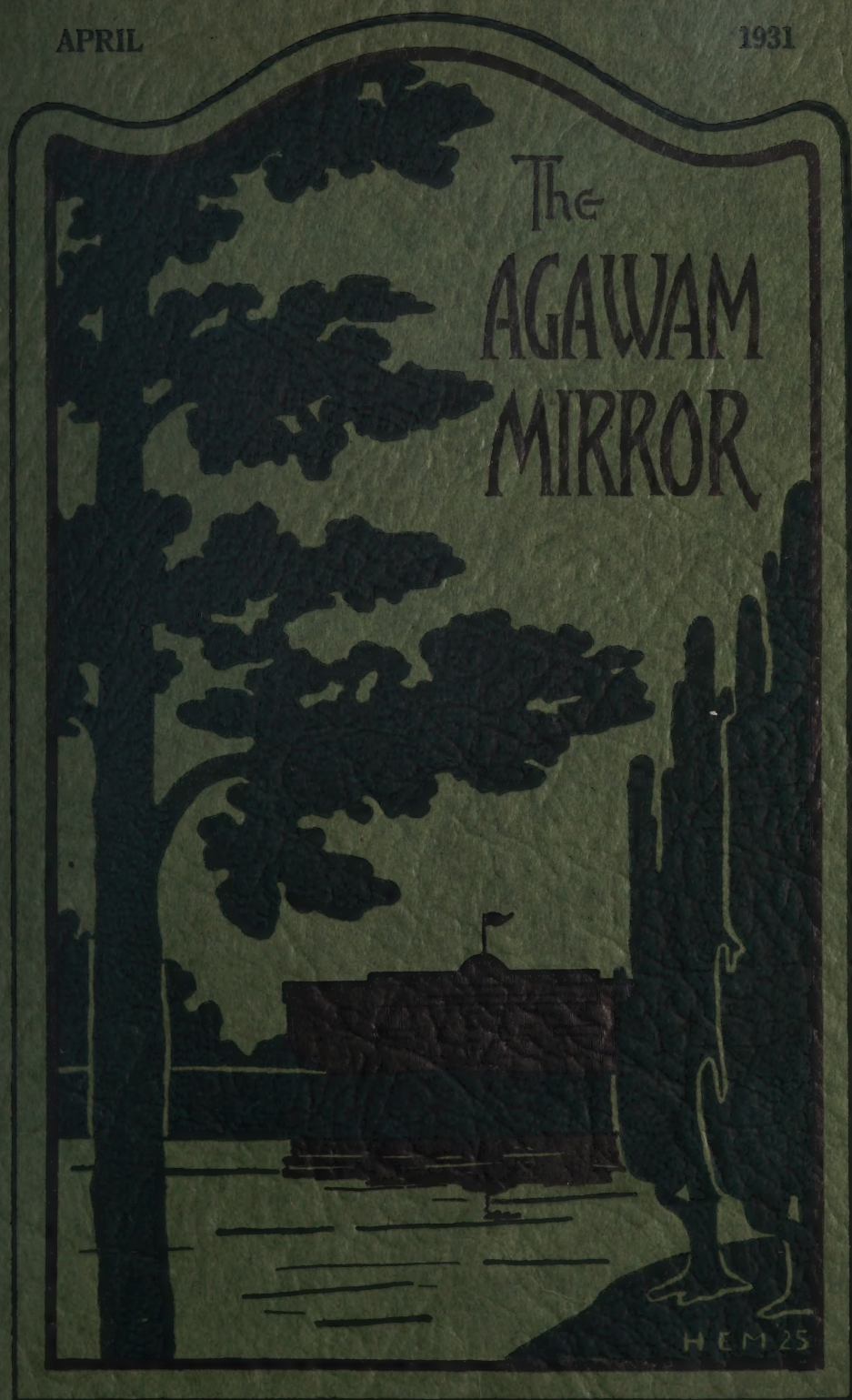


APRIL

1931

The AGAWAM MIRROR



HEN 25

CONTENTS



	Page
Daffodil.....	<i>Virginia McVeigh</i> 4
Secunda.....	<i>Irene Gavoni</i> 5
Il Penseroso.....	<i>Orpha Hastings</i> 7
Sunset in November.....	<i>Eleanor Johnson</i> 8
The Streamlet.....	<i>Marian Wilson</i> 8
Spring.....	<i>Nellie Davis</i> 8
Silent River.....	<i>Virginia McVeigh</i> 8
A Hasty Decision.....	<i>Alma Colson</i> 9
Voices—Editorial.....	<i>Florence Bradford</i> 10
Homeward Bound.....	<i>Eleanor Wright</i> 10
School Activities.....	11
Alumni.....	15
Exchanges.....	15
Spice Box.....	16
Basketball.....	17

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Daffodil

Early one sweet, spring morning
As I was strolling around;
I heard subdued applauding,
Coming from the ground.

I stood and looked around me,
And then did I espy
A dainty, dancing lady,
In a nook near-by.

Her gown of yellow taffeta
With flounce on flounce, crisp spread.
And sparkling, silvery dew-lace,
Encircled her pretty head.

Lightly does she dance,
Gracefully, bend and sway;
Nodding in the sunshine,
Dancing all the day.

Virginia McVeigh.

Secunda

By IRENE GAVONI

The barefooted, peasant girl drew her shawl closer about her tired face. Brown eyes that had once been merry, stared wearily at the long dirt road which led to her distant home. The coolness of an autumn night chilled her bare legs as the Northern Italian skies quickly darkened. The basket on one tanned arm was growing heavier with every step.

In the distance, she heard the workers of the hemp fields singing with glad hearts as they prepared to leave their work. Barefooted women let down bright skirts that had been pinned up for comfort while washing hemp in the stream. Barethroated, sunburned men led women, and dirty, tired children away.

It was almost dark when Secunda reached her little hut. Three hungry little brothers were waiting for food, left-overs supplied from sister Ada who worked for a rich family in the nearby city. Another sister, Eva, who had married a well-to-do farmer seemed to forget her brothers and sisters. After the death of their parents, a few years before, the family had separated. And separated they remained. Secunda worked in summer the little plot of land she owned. In winter, kind neighbors helped her with food and wood.

"If my sisters would only show a little interest and help out occasionally, the work would not be so bad," Secunda was thinking as she crossed the threshold.

The interior of the one-room hut glowed from the small blaze in the stone fireplace. The girl rested her basket on the crude table and took off her shawl. Looking about the room, she saw the boys near the fireplace. Giuseppe had pulled out his straw bed and was lying beside the fire with Angelo and

Luigi. The curly headed, sixteen years old Secunda called them up at once from their story-telling.

"Giuseppe, how many times have I told you not to mess up the floor that way? Fix your bed in the corner at once." Then she glanced at Angelo and Luigi who were grinning at their discomfited brother.

"Angelo, instead of laughing at your brother, Giuseppe, get busy setting the table," admonished the girl. "You too, Luigi."

The utensils were put on the table, the rough bench drawn up, and then Secunda took out some bread and some cooked meat. The food disappeared quickly. Then Angelo got up and looked into the basket, still unsatisfied. "What, no sweets?" he exclaimed. "Ada could send some sweets if she bothered."

"Angelo, that sweet tooth of yours must be pulled out," his sister said with a smile. "Little Luigi and Guiseppe want sweets too. Clean off the table now boys. You'll have to go to bed early tonight. Tomorrow we go to church."

In a half an hour the room was quiet and the children silent, asleep in their straw beds, the ruddy glow of the fireplace making queer shadows about them.

The first to awaken on Sunday was Secunda. She called the boys, laid out their best clothes, and their Sunday shoes. Her hardest work seemed to be washing them.

"Angelo," she said firmly, "If you don't stop squirming, I'll put soap in your eyes. You'd rather go into the cathedral dirty, wouldn't you?"

"Aw, I get dirty right after you wash me," Angelo answered. "Look at Luigi. He's worse than I am."

"He'll be washed, don't worry."

A step in the doorway made Secunda turn. Pietro, a tall husky young fellow from the neighboring farm, grinned at her. "Won't you sit down, Pietro?" Secunda asked, blushing a bit under his gaze.

"I'll take all of you to church in my new wagon," he said. "Will you come?"

Thus weeks went by with only Pietro's care and help lightening the monotonous days. Pushing away the thoughts of the possibility of help from her sisters, Secunda turned more and more to relying on Pietro.

Winter came abruptly. The snow fell like a blanket on the small house. After three days of snow, a crust had formed on the surface that enabled the people to walk on it. Pietro came to Secunda, dragging provisions and wood on a sled.

Angelo saw through the window, Pietro coming, and called "Secunda, Pietro is bringing some food. There's nothing to worry about, now."

After a quick glance into the mirror, and a quick touch to the hair Secunda met Pietro at the door with a shy smile.

"That tramp of two miles in this cold didn't warm you. Sit by the fire," she said, and led him to a bench.

Pietro chose to freeze Secunda's hands with his cold ones for a while, laughing at blushing Secunda's mild attempts to break away.

Angelo, whispered loudly to Guiseppe, as he brought in some supplies, "Now I know why Pietro comes here. He likes her hands."

Pietro dropped Secunda's hands quickly, blushing a little. Secunda ordered the boys about a little sharply, to cover her embarrassment. When the boys had finished the work, Pietro seated by the fire, lifted little Luigi into his lap, and with Secunda and the boys on the floor beside him, told about his parents and about his sister who was busily sewing on her wedding dress during the busy winter months.

During such winter nights, Secunda had found a companion and a reliable friend in Pietro. That a deeper affection had come to her, she no longer doubted. Her answer to Pietro's proposal of marriage was a simple, yes. Her brothers would have a home, she was assured. She dreamed of spring and her coming wedding, no longer weary and discouraged with hardships. It would be easier now.

When the spring mists and the melting snow left the road deep with mud, Pietro's visits became less frequent. The farmers plowed their land as early as February. The plains, watered by the river, banked with dikes, were in some danger this year. The mountain snows melting had flowed down and swelled the tide.

One sunny morning, Guiseppe called Secunda from her washing. "Secunda, Pietro is coming on his black horse. I'm going to hold his horse!"

"I thought you were busy on the farm, Pietro, dear," Secunda greeted him at the door.

"The stream is threatening the dikes, I found out this morning," he answered. "You had better come to our house, we're on a higher section. Will you come now? I still have to warn my parents."

"Take little Luigi, Pietro," replied Secunda. "I'll collect some clothes, and follow with Angelo and Guiseppe. I guess we're safe for a while."

She waved good-bye from the doorway and not greatly worried by the news turned to the boys and ordered them to gather their clothes, and pack up the food in the house.

Secunda turned quickly from her packing as Angelo at the window, shrieked, "Secunda! Secunda! The water's coming down the road!"

She ran to the window and then gasped with horror. Their house being in a low section was right in the path of the flood, and escape was impossible. "If only Pietro has taken the long road home, over the hill," she thought, "he'll be safe. But he was in a hurry, and the shorter route is now covered with water ——" Dismissing such thoughts she set about to save the boys and herself.

"Quick, to the roof! Angelo, get some food. Guiseppe, pick up those blankets. A tug at the trap door to the low roof opened it. The boys clambered up after her.

The climb had not been too soon. The water swept about the house, threatening its foundation. In its midst, tossed the wreckage from demolished houses and barns. The water rose higher and higher, inch by inch. Secunda trembled when she glanced through the trap door into the interior of the hut for she saw that the ladder to the roof had been swept away.

All the afternoon, the three of them waited and watched. As night came on, Secunda

wrapped the boys up in the blankets, and asked them to lie still if they could not sleep. She, herself, wrapped in a shawl and blanket, would be on guard.

Through a fearful night, the watch was kept. The boys towards morning, fell asleep from weariness.

On their awakening, she carefully gave each a little food. The scanty supply must be made to last.

The monotony of the day was broken by one frightening incident. Shuddering from the dampness, Secunda who had been facing the direction of Pietro's home, was aroused when the adventurous Angelo, peering over the edge of the roof, grew dizzy and almost fell into the flood.

Thus another day of horror passed. Then came a night of dread when the water almost reached their very feet. Then, the water stopped rising, just when all seemed lost.

Kneeling on the roof, an arm about each boy, Secunda offered up prayers of thanksgiving. Soon she saw a speck approaching in the distance. As she called the attention of the boys to it, they all stood up to see it better.

"A boat is coming for us," she said. "It must be Pietro. I've felt all along that he just couldn't have drowned."

The boat came nearer and the busy oarsman was, indeed, Secunda's sweetheart. He lifted the sobbing girl into the boat, and the relieved boys.

"You did take the long road? Is Luigi safe? Whose boat is this?" Questions tumbled from Secunda.

"I rode up to uncle's on the way home. I told him of the flood, too. Don't worry, dear. Luigi is safe with my mother, but he is still crying for you there."

Wrapping another blanket about Secunda, Pietro continued, "You can't imagine what I suffered when I saw the water about your house. I could see it from the hills. I raced home and there from my roof I could see you on your roof. I couldn't get any boat until just today when the government workers spared this.

At Pietro's home the boys and Secunda were put to sleep, safely, in clean beds.

After a long sleep, Secunda, washed up and started down stairs. At her step, a woman turned to her. It was Eva.

"I worried so, Secunda, when I heard of the disaster. I met Ada. She, also has come to help find you. I've neglected you too long. If you'll only come to my home, I'll make you happy." At this moment, Ada, coming from the kitchen, also offered help.

Secunda smiled at both of them. "I've promised to marry Pietro, in about a month," she said simply. "I'll let the boys come to you, if they want to leave us."

Her sisters favored the industrious Pietro and promised to supply the wedding finery.

Later, Secunda told Pietro about her sisters. "Even though the help has come so late, I know they really care for me. Dear, I did well without them; that is, after you came and helped me, Pietro," she whispered.

Irene Gavoni.

IL PENSEROSO

Walking o'er the furrow'd ground;
Strolling on beside the brook;
Watching the birds as they swoop down
And wing their way to their sheltered nook;
Rambling on to the foot of the hill,
Then climbing, slowly, silently, thoughtfully;
Enjoying the wonderful quiet and still
Of the trees that nod in sympathy;
Climbing onward to my private retreat
Where I can rest and think alone,
Undisturbed by the noise of the busy street,
Away from the bustling town.

Orpha Hastings.

Verse

SUNSET IN NOVEMBER

Rose and purple,
Fading quickly;
Evening dusk is
Falling thickly.

Bright sunset, thru
Trees' black lace—
Like a painted,
China vase.

Blue-gray girl,
The sky is now;
Dash of orange
On her brow.

Eleanor Johnson.

THE STREAMLET

It is only a tiny stream,
With nothing whatever to do,
But to creep from its grassy shelter to gleam,
In a wavy line or two.

Half-way down the hill it slips
From darkness into light,
Then in the long meadow-grasses,
It sinks out of sight.

Marian Wilson.

SPRING

When the birds have started singing
And the leaves on trees are sprouting,
When the sleigh bells stop their ringing
Then to me, joy comes a-shouting.

When the winter's snows have vanished
And the brooks have started churning,
Then comes Spring, all set to lavish
Happiness for which I'm yearning.

Nellie Davis.

SILENT RIVER

Rippling, silver river
Winding o'er the lea,
Hurrying, hastening onward
Ever, to the sea.

Above you, leafy branches
Arch their cloaks of green.
Graceful, weeping willows,
Form a lacy screen.

Peaceful, silent river
On way by hill, thru dell,
If tongues were in your ripples
What stories you might tell.

Virginia McVeigh.

A Hasty Decision

By ALMA COLSON

Judith Copeland was to marry Mr. Robert Tobin, Jr. in a week, and there were still final touches to be put on her shopping list. There were ever so many little things that she needed.

"It is best not to leave things to the last minute," she murmured softly, as she peered into the mirror, and brushed her lovely auburn hair away from her white forehead. How beautiful she was and what a lovely figure! Her eyes caught the flash of her diamond as it sparkled in the sunshine. Thoughtfully, she looked at it. It was more brilliant than she had ever dreamed. Bob had told her about it, for it had been his mother's engagement ring also! The clock on the mantle chimed two. She started. How nervous she was growing lately! She peered into the mirror again, and rang for the chauffeur. In a few minutes, she was on her way.

As she stepped into the car she directed James, "The Avenue, please," and settled back comfortably.

The young bride-to-be purchased more than she had come for; hats, dresses, shoes and their accessories. Many remarks were made as she walked down the aisles. Her lithe figure was delicately curved and very graceful. She nodded to a few passers-by as she walked from department to department, purchasing all she desired.

Her time almost up, she decided to return home. But as she was leaving the place, she saw a handsome array of assorted gloves. "How perfectly that light tan pair would match my new sport outfit!"

She seated herself at the counter and asked, "May I try on a pair of gloves similar to that model in the showcase?" She gave her size and the salesgirl brought out a pair exactly like them.

As Judith put up her hand, the girl noticed the ring. In a soft, rich tone she said, "It is the prettiest diamond I have ever seen," and smilingly she looked at Judith, but Judith didn't appear interested. As Judith didn't wish to remove her ring, the girl put the glove on the right hand and Judith, seeing that it fitted perfectly, said, "I will take them. Please make out the slip." While the girl did so, Judith picked up the left glove and slipped the fingers of it on. The salesgirl returned with the slip. Hastily, Judith pulled off both gloves and folding them somewhat carelessly, thrust them into an open bag which the clerk held ready. The parcel folded and placed in her hands with a cheery, "Thank you," Judith left the store immediately.

She met James outside and told him to return home and added with a smile, "Please hurry a little." She leaned back into the soft cushions and began to think about the coming evening. There was to be a dance given in her honor at the club. Of course she would go with Bob. She smiled as she thought of him. How proud she was of such a man! She looked down at her ring.

But she stared at the ring in surprise, for the stone was gone! Stunned by the blow she sat staring into space. When she had regained control of her mind again, she tried hard to think where she could have lost the stone. Suddenly, she recalled the young girl's remark. Could she have found it? If she had, would she return it? She remembered the slip was with the gloves. Her hands shaking, she drew it out and unfolded it. The girl's number was 195. She would see the manager. She called to James, "Please return to B——s; I'm afraid I've lost my diamond." She sobbed as she spoke the last few words.

(Continued on page 18)

Editorial

Out over the still night, the carillonneur sends forth peals of throbbing music. To some people, it is just tiresome but to others, breathing in these harmonious sounds, it is a source of true inspiration—uplifting to the weary heart.

You need not travel to the old world to hear these chimes of bells for in the United States, we have thirty-one carillons, and in Canada, there are five. From Gloucester, Massachusetts, in the east, to Lincoln, Nebraska, in the west, we can listen to these "Singing Towers". The Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, has a carillon, composed of sixty-one bells which were erected as a gift from the Moses family.

Among the most magnificent is the one in Lake Wales, Florida; the Mountain Lake Sanctuary and Singing Tower, erected by the late Edward W. Bok as a memorial to his grandparents. From December to May, Anton Brees, Belgian carillonneur, plays the seventy-one bells at each sunset hour. Special recitals are given on Christmas, at New Years, and on the birthdays of Lincoln, of Washington, and of Robert E. Lee.

The very first carillon music in the United States was given in the little church of Our Lady of Good Voyage in the seaport town of Gloucester, on July 23, 1922. As a result of a visit to Gloucester, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. erected the largest set of bells in the world, in memory of his mother. This instrument of seventy-three bells is installed in the Riverside Church in New York City.

To Canada must go the credit for the introduction of carillon music on this continent. Percival Price, Canadian national carillonneur, first played in the Metropolitan United Church at Toronto, on April 2, 1922.

It is interesting to know that nearly all of these "Singing Towers" have been built as

memorials to loved ones of a family or to the memory of the World War dead. In the music of the bells is the memory of the voice of the loved one.

Have you not known persons whose memory, long afterward, like the silver tone of bells, is a pleasant remembrance?

Haven't you a friend whose gracious words and tone of voice is a source of keen pleasure?

If we could hear ourselves as others hear us, and if we could realize fully that our characters are clearly portrayed in our spoken thoughts and in the tones in which they are uttered, we would often soften these tones of speech.

Florence Bradford.

HOMEWARD BOUND

The moon cast its shimmering rays on the rippling water,

The night was cold and still;

The call of the hoot owl echoed and re-echoed

O'er the lake from a distant hill.

On the lake a canoe swiftly and quietly glided,

Through the fast lengthening shadows of the lake.

Then the silence was again broken

By the whip-poor-will calling for his mate.

The chill of the night air about me,

And the blackening shadows around,

Caused the stroke of my paddle to quicken
And at last I was homeward bound.

Eleanor Wright.

School Activities

ASSEMBLIES

On Washington's birthday, members of the Junior High, under the skillful direction of Miss Merrill, presented a very fine assembly. Following David Guy, who told us about the Americanism of Washington, came Veto Ceccarivi, Thomas Ashe, Lester Chilcate, Herman Crouss, and Howard Bailey, who recited "I Would Tell." After Grace Brady, who is taking a post-graduate course in the high school, entertained us with her 'cello, Ethel Smith spoke on the subject of "Trade in Patriotism". Two numbers by the Junior High School Glee Club were well received. Ruth Smith captured the hearts of the audience with her imitation of Betsey Ross, entitled "Who Am I?" As a closing number the orchestra played "Country Dance".

Gaylord W. Douglas, New England Secretary for the National Council for the Prevention of War, gave us on February 10, a brief speech on the topic, "The World of Peace and War."

He began his speech by telling how the stock market crash of 1929 affected the diamond cutters of Holland. He said that there were 13,000 men put out of work.

The speaker considers the present depression the aftermath of the World War. He also told us about the effects of gases on the people, used in the war and the effects on the children of these people affected by the gas.

Other countries were suffering poverty and hardships while the United States was enjoying great prosperity. But now we are feeling the effects that follow a war in a larger scale.

He also stated that everything manufactured in the United States depends largely on products of other nations for completion of the manufactured product. He proved this by illustrations.

On February 27, Louis Williams, a popular science entertainer came to the school after a long and anxious wait on the part of the students. He brought with him apparatus which he demonstrated.

The most important of these was the gyroscope, a balance. Charles Marsh, Bion Wheeler, Julius Thormeyer, Rockwell Cascella, Kenneth Wright and Llewelyn Blanchard played the game of "follow the leader". Each boy in turn held the gyroscope while it was revolving about 5,000 times per minute. The boys found that they could turn in the direction of the moving gyroscope but could not turn against it. Bion Wheeler then took the gyroscope to Mr. Williams who failed in an attempt to turn it contrary to its revolution. The next demonstration showed how the gyroscope will keep a mono-rail car from falling off the track. He also expressed the idea that the mono-rail car will soon be a means of transportation, and that in time all ocean liners will follow the example of those which are already using gyroscopes for stability during rough seas.

Other interesting demonstrations were the bursting of hydrogen bubbles, demonstrations of magnetic power, and the future household use of light and electricity.

He believes another war can be prevented by the teaching, in the schools, of international friendship.

In the Senate chamber at Washington are two maps, identical except that one is at least four times as large as the other. The small one shows how the world has shrunk in man's estimation of distance from 1830 to 1930. This is largely due, Mr. Douglas believes, to the progress in the past 75 years. International commerce has been fostered and inventions have been perfected so that they tend to bring the world together.

Alfred Goulet

The Call Of The Banshee

From the auditorium have come shrill noises, hair raising screams, and weird moans announcing preparations for the forthcoming senior play "The Call of the Banshee".

Upon entering one is surprised to see a maid suddenly disappear through the cellar doorway, as a mysterious hand clutches her throat.

In answer to an unexpected knock on the door, Clem Durward, the hero, discloses the unconscious body of Dr. Markowitz, advisor to the murdered Peter Adair.

The air of mystery develops as the tap, tap of the murdered Peter's cane sends the two colored servants to their knees; and the white gloved hand and cane of Peter's ghost changes the brave sheriff to a shivering, shuddering coward.

From these sights and sounds one apprehends the plot, if one cannot solve the mystery.

Dr. Lacey, a hypnotist, who has lived in the African Jungle returns to America to visit his cousin, Peter Adair. He brings with him Yuru, his servant, who is learned in Indian mysteries. They have with them pet snakes, monkeys and beetles' who are allowed to crawl about the house. Soon an air of fearful mystery develops. Mrs. Grimes, the Irish housekeeper, suspects Hazel Orpen, Peter Adair's ward; Dr. Markowitz and Dr. Lacey are mutually suspicious; in a word, everyone begins to suspect everyone else. All act so peculiar that each concludes that he himself is the only sane person in the house.

Joan Walters, a friend of Hazel's who has had nervous prostration, comes to the haunted house for rest and quiet, bringing with her an excitable Swedish maid. Presently Peter Adair mysteriously dies and his will causes more controversy.

Then the hypnotist is slain and many other mysteries are added.

Throughout, Blanche Lamb, a colored servant; Tom Scott, a half-witted chore boy; and a country sheriff furnish comedy relief.

At the end, the many mysteries in the old haunted house at Blackridge, N. Y. are

cleverly solved as anyone who sees the production April 24 will discover.

The cast is as follows:

Peter Adair.....	Julius Thormeyer
Hazel Orpen.....	Verda Fitzgerald
Dr. Markowitz.....	Arthur Ruffo
Mrs. Grimes.....	Irene Govoni
Tom Scott.....	Joseph Chagnon
Blanche Lamb.....	Edith Pizano
Tibby Lamb.....	Louise Caruso
Dr. Neville Lacey.....	John Roos
Yuru.....	Stanley Matteson
Clem Durward.....	Gordon Johnson
Joan Walters.....	Sylvia Bardwell
Hilda.....	Mae Novelli
Abner Heckenshell.....	Alfred Levesque
Walter Payne.....	Natale Cirillo
Linda Perkins.....	Marilyn Donaldson

DRAMATIC CLUB PRESENTS PLAY

On March 12, the Dramatic Club presented a very interesting one-act play, entitled "Sauce for the Gosslings." Irene Govoni, John Roos, Francis Pilch, Catherine Ashe, Frank Goss and Helen Donaldson played their parts so well that we cannot mention any outstanding player.

Mr. Williams stated at the close of the play that it is not very often that a play can be as interesting as this one and still present a lesson, for every member of the school should have acquired a new idea concerning the loss of dignity in the use of slang.

Justine Healey.

MALE QUARTET FORMED

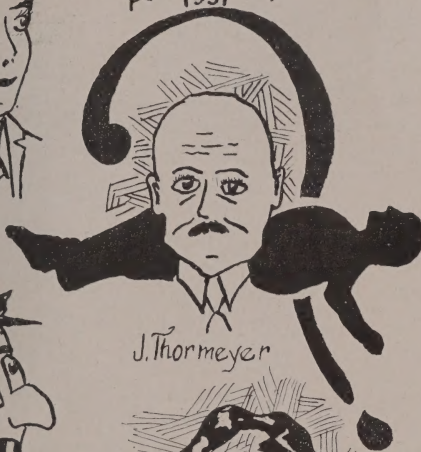
Some of the boys who wanted to form a male quartet are practicing under Miss Perry's direction. The following boys will sing at the senior play, April 24. The First Tenors are Robert Hennessey and Harry Stocker; Second Tenors, Alfred Goulet and Richard Shields; First Bass, Julius Thormeyer and James Wright; Second Bass, Bion Wheeler and Frank Goss.

CAST OF
THE CALL OF
THE IBANSHEE

APRIL 1931 29



G. Johnson



J. Thormeyer



V. Fitzgerald



J. Chagnon



E. Pisano



A. Ruffo



J. Roos



I. Govoni



S. Bardwell

JOHN ROOS

ASSEMBLY

One of the finest speakers that the student body has had the pleasure of listening to this year, was Mr. Libby, of the National Council for the Prevention of War. The subject of Mr. Libby's address was, "The Prevention of War."

The gist of Mr. Libby's speech was that the United States must enter the World Court and do its bit to outlaw war. Mr. Libby also stated that another war would mean the annihilation of civilization and that therefore, every precaution must be taken to prevent such a catastrophe.

After his address, Mr. Libby answered several questions which were given him by members of the faculty and the student body.

Edson Ferrell.

PRO MERITO

Monday, February twenty-third the members of the Pro Merito Society attended a dinner party as guests of Miss Eleanor Smith, faculty advisor, in the Smith, Perry, and Ward apartment in Springfield. The party was in the form of a George Washington's Birthday party.

After a very delicious dinner, Miss Perry entertained by playing selections on her piano while Bion Wheeler, John Roos and Julius Thormeyer ably assisted Miss Smith and Miss Ward clean the dishes, and they didn't break any of those beautiful dishes, hand-painted by Miss Perry.

When again assembled in the living room they divided into three groups. Each group staged a stunt which was well received. When peace again reigned, they played such games as "Charades" and "Consequences". Some of those proved to be very amusing. There was also a spelling bee, in which Florence Bradford received first prize and Bion Wheeler received the consolation of all others present.

After a most enjoyable evening, the party was reluctantly terminated. Those present not previously mentioned were: Mae Novelli, Irene Govoni, Verda Fitzgerald, Nellie Davis, Louise Meyer, and Charles Marsh.

Julius Thormeyer.

W. M. L. S. P.

The Western Massachusetts League of School Publications held their third meeting this year in the beautiful new Westfield High School building, March 27.

An address of welcome was given by Judson Morhouse, President of the Westfield High School Student Council. Mr. Thomas J. Abernethy, Principal of the Westfield High School, also greeted the attending delegates.

At the business meeting, each publication represented, told of the best new idea introduced this year. Florence Bradford, our editor, gave a three minute speech on the value of exchanges and the need of keeping complete business records.

Bion Wheeler had charge of the Feature Section of the Round Table Meetings.

After the luncheon served in the cafeteria, an interesting play, "Sham" was given by the students of the Westfield High School. Dancing in the gymnasium, with a very good orchestra, was enjoyed by all who stayed.

Florence Bradford, Bion Wheeler, Julius Thormeyer, Mae Novelli, James Wright, Frank Goss, Elizabeth Bloom and Alfred Goulet represented Agawam High School.

THE MIXED STORY

Young Tommy was a reckless chap
As ever you could spy;
He crept into a pantry once
And ate a pot of lye—
No, no! I mean a lot of pie.

The pie did not agree with Tom—
So very large a piece—
He felt so ill he hastened off
To find a pot of grease—
No, No! I mean a lot of peace.

He cried with pain and doubled up
As tight as any clam—

This story gets so mixed at times,
That under my very eyes—
I'll stop, for it seems as though
What I have said
Is like a lack of piece—
No, no! I mean a pack of lies.

—From *February Word Study*. The poem was written by Shirley Marshall in Horace Mann School, Wichita, Kansas.

Alumni

We feel very proud to announce that Alfred Gelstharp '24, a member of our Alumni, has recently received special recognition for his high scholastic standing. He has been awarded a two-year fellowship in classical study at the American Academy in Rome, Italy. This award was made by Yale University.

John Pedulla '28, formerly a member of the Coburn Classical Institution, and now at Tufts College, Boston, was elected to the Sophomore Honorary Society and also to the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity. Pedulla also belongs to the baseball and basketball squads.

Agawam High is represented at our National Capital, Washington, D. C. Marion Arnold '28 has accepted a government position in the Agricultural Economic Department.

Mrs. Kenneth Pond, formerly Marion Allen '28, who was married February 21, was pleasantly surprised at a shower given at the home of Mrs. Ralph Pond, on March 20. Among those present were her former classmates and alumni of Agawam, Kathrine Burke, Ruth Bitgood, Marjorie Bitgood Scoviell, Beatrice Daly Johnson, Edith Smith Channell, Josie Novelli, Esther Pond, Esther Swartz and Grace Pond. Several other close friends were also present.

Eva Richard '29, a member of Bay Path Institute, played on the senior girls basketball team of Bay Path this season. The seniors won the championship in the girls' department series of games. She has also won several typewriting awards, writing 57 words per minute for 15 minutes on the Woodstock machine and 60 words per minute on the L. C. Smith and Royal typewriters.

Miss Esther Stebbins '28, was graduated from the Boston School of Therapeutics, April 2nd.

A contract bridge party was given at the home of Esther Swartz '28 on March 25, to bring together many of the alumni who were home to spend the Easter vacation. Four tables were in play and prizes were awarded to the winners.

Ralph Channell '28, has recently returned from Florida where he spent the winter.

Miss Helen Talmadge '26, recently announced her engagement to Raymond Jones '26.

Alumni visitors and players seen at the Alumni-Varsity game were Kathleen Grimes '30, Walter Bodman '30, "Tex" Wilson '30, Edwin Arnold '30, Alice Fickweiler '29, Esther Pond '28, and Lottie Voislow '30.

Mrs. Chester Bailey, formerly Ola Campbell, and Chester Bailey were present at the annual 4 H Club banquet held Friday, March 27.

Exchanges

The Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine. The cover of your magazine is very attractive and the contents are excellent.

The Red and Gray, Fitchburg, H. S., Fitchburg, Mass. We liked your short story, "The Mill on the Floss." We wonder why you do not follow the modern trend of criticism towards "stock headings."

The Distaff, Girls H. S., Boston, Mass. You have a neat magazine. The "Current News" column is interestingly and cleverly written.

The Early Trainer, Lawrence Training School, Lawrence, Mass. We have not among our exchanges a more attractively printed magazine and your printing department deserves much credit.

The Scroll, St. Ursula's Academy, Toledo, Ohio. We are grateful for the latest copy of *The Scroll*. The cover is quite modern. Your department "Imagination Gathers Up," is quite enhancing.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US

The Early Trainer, Lawrence Training School, Lawrence, Mass. The November cover is very attractive and your literature is commendable.

The Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine. You have a dandy little magazine, but how about a few more jokes? The writer of the short story, "Shelter" certainly did a good job. For the first page or two cold chills were going up and down my spine; for the last few pages, I wept all over the pages.

Creighton Abrams.



How Do You Account For It.

Miss McIntire (Explaining use of watch in keeping time for contests): "You know that most women's watches do not have the second hands so they are not very useful. I think you'll find, however, that nearly all your fathers have second-hand watches."

When the Twain Met

Ruth Oates: "And the North went down South."

'Zat So!

Miss Ward: "Is there any reason why a woman shouldn't be elected to the House of Representatives?"

C. Pilch: "No—only I think the place for a woman is in the kitchen!"

Simile

As dumb, as the freshman who asked the town clerk for a poetic license.

Divided Reference Rule

Irene Govoni: "Three hungry boys waited for food inside—"

The Effect of Chipso Ads

Miss Barnes: "Where did Grant go after the battle of the Wilderness?"

Pupil: "Grant went to the Spotless Courthouse."

In U. S. History Class

(During President Cleveland's Time.)

Miss Ward: "What was the abuse of the pension acts for the veterans, under Cleveland?"

E. Ricci: "Well, if they fell or were killed by a tumble, they would apply to the government for a pension."

Results of the Study of Present-Day Politics

Miss Barnes: "Name some of the songs sung during the Civil War."

Margaret Langlois: "The Battle Hymn of the Republicans."

Spring Is Coming!

Miss Barnes: "Locate Fort Donelson."

Gertrude Goyette: "It's over there on the Cucumber River."

Basketball

Agawam 16—West Springfield 15

On February 3, Agawam defeated West Springfield in the first game of the series at a tune of 16-15 at the West Springfield Y. M. C. A. West Springfield took the lead at the very start of the game and was never headed until "Cracker" Jones tossed in a basket to put Agawam in the front with only eight seconds of play remaining. Jones and Haskins featured for the respective teams.

Ludlow 14—Agawam 13

On February 6, Agawam lost its first league game to Ludlow at Agawam. Ludlow played a fine defensive game, while Agawam was very weak in its shooting.

Agawam 26—Palmer 9

On February 13, at Palmer, Agawam defeated that high school for the second time this season. As in the previous game, three Palmer players and one Agawam player were ejected on personals. Jones and Daly were Agawam's high scorers while Niemczura was Palmer's highest scorer.

Agawam 27—Monson 10

On February 16, Agawam again defeated Monson, at Monson. The first half ended in Agawam's favor by a score of 7-6, but the last half was entirely different. With Jones getting 14 points, Agawam was able to coast to victory. Braskie was best player for Monson.

West Springfield 27—Agawam 13

On February 13, West Springfield avenged the earlier defeat by winning from Agawam at Agawam. West Springfield was clearly the better team as it ran wild in the last half, outscoring Agawam by a score of 14-3.

Pillsbury outscored the rest of his teammates for 11 points while Tisdell featured for Agawam.

(Continued on page 18)

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(Continued from page 9)

As the car retraced its course, she tried hard to think of what she had done. She recalled putting on the glove at the counter. Perhaps it was still in the glove. She picked them up and shook them. "No, it isn't here," she said to herself, aloud. "It may have dropped out onto the counter. That girl must have taken it. My precious ring is gone and all because of a pair of gloves and a dishonest salesgirl." She looked at the gloves again and threw them aside disgustedly. As she did so the gloves knocked the bag from the seat onto the floor. A glitter caught her eye.

The diamond rolled out on the soft carpet of the car! She stared at it in surprise and quickly picked it up. Slipping it into her purse, she called to the chauffeur, "Drive over to Kennard's Jewelry Shop, I've found the stone." But by this time they had reached the store. James looked at her, at the general disorder of papers, and at the gloves in her lap, and replied, "Yes, Miss."

A long sigh relieved Judith as she settled back to the cushions again. Judith had learned her lesson for that day, anyway. She was saying to herself, "It doesn't pay to be so hasty in such decisions, after all."

Alma Colson.

(Continued from page 17)

Agawam 22—Ware 12

On February 24 at Ware, Agawam won again from Ware High School by a score of 22-12. Play was close in the first half but Agawam held the upper hand in the last half. Jones again was Agawam's high scorer with 10 points.

Agawam 27—Enfield 7

On February 27, Agawam trounced the Enfield quintet at Agawam. Enfield could do little against Agawam's strong defense while Agawam scored almost at will.

Charles Maisch.

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—Tennyson.

Do not turn back when you are just at
the goal.—Publius Syrus.

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Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience.

—George Washington.

No one knows what he can do till he tries.—Publius Syrus.



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